C
G296uKa
1917

AUGUST, 1917

Bulletin of the University of Georgia

Volume XVII | Serial Number 283 | Number 12

The Day's Work

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Chancellor D. C. Barrow

Entered at the Post Office at Athens, Ga., as Second Class Matter, August 31, 1905. under Act of Congress of July 16th, 1904. Issued Monthly by the University.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

https://archive.org/details/dayswork00barr

C
G 296u Ka
v.1 5

The Day's Work

We who are in school work have a saying that each year has its difficulties, that these difficulties are never the same, but they are always sufficient to try our metal. I believe this saying holds true of much of life. In the more or less orderly progress of school life, the problems which arise are more noticeable but in the state and in society in the larger sense we must be prepared for emergencies. Unexpected conditions arise and the effort to cope with these conditions calls for all of the ability, patience, and endurance which we possess. Then, too, once in a while comes an issue which changes the order of things and a new day dawns. The object of civilization is to make this new day a better day.

The life of the white race in Georgia is so short that it is not hard to call to mind those difficulties which have come before us that have been so serious as to amount to crises.

I take it that the history of the white race in Georgia begins in 1733 when Oglethorpe landed at Savannah. The period covered by Georgia history is 184 years. My life covers more than one third the span of the life of Georgia.

The Day's Work of the little band which came into the wilderness was of a heroic nature. The leader of the colony was a man of great ability, but many of his followers were men who had failed in life's venture in the old world.

There is this much to be said for them, however, they were willing to risk the hardships of the wilderness and the danger from the savage in the effort to obtain greater freedom.

Three forms of struggle were before the settlers: First, to subsist. Second, to protect themselves from the Indians. Third, to protect their country from Spanish conquest. The territory between the Savannah and the Altamaha was claimed by Spain as well as by England.

We will all agree that the little group had enough to do in overcoming any one of these difficulties to develop stamina.

The high motives which animated them can be seen from some of their announced principles. Few of us live up to the mottoes which we assume yet with everyone the motto is significant.

Note the high motto taken by this poor, struggling, threatened group. *Non sibi sed aliis.* That society has not yet come to adopt this motto, in no way discounts its value. Profit sharing with employes, public schools, protection of children from undue hardship of labor, yes, even the great world war of today are but expressions in varying form of the fact that the doctrine of this motto, not self, but others, is making its way.

The prohibitions of rum and slavery are more direct and special forms in which the high humanity of the Province of Georgia expressed itself. The people in time proved unable to withstand the admission of rum and slavery, but both have been out-lawed and the desire of the first settlers carried out. You know it would be ludicious, if it were not so fine and noble, that these high principles were announced by this weak and struggling band. The notable fact that their ideals have finally won, makes us realize their high purpose and feel a just pride in the settlers of our state.

But to return to our first problems:

1. Subsistence. The notes on the early life of the colony seem to indicate that South Carolina gave them money, seed for their crops, and aid of one kind and another. There are a number of references to money and help of other kinds coming from England. While they grew slowly, they did succeed in eking out an existence.

2. The danger from Indians was averted by the wisdom, kindness and courage of Oglethorpe. There is a monument to Tomochichi, the friend of Oglethorpe, in one of the public squares of Savannah. This monument is significant, it commemorates a fine episode in our history and I am glad it has been placed. I have been told that the squares themselves, now places of beauty were orginally cattle pens in which the settlers protected their cattle from the Indians.

3. The third danger, which arose from the conflicting claims of Spain and England, was determined by war. The final battle at "Bloody Marsh," in which the hundreds of Oglethorpe defeated the thousands of Spain, reminds one of the battles of the Old Testament. The victory of Oglethorpe was complete and English civilization was established in Georgia.

The early history of our state is a record of which we may all feel proud. The small company of feeble folk did their first Day's Work well.

The next great change came in 1776, forty three years after the landing of Oglethorpe. Georgia, the youngest and feeblest of the thirteen colonies was under many obligations to the mother country, they were not affected by the taxes so much as the older colonies, they were on the outer boundary and open to attack. These considerations induced caution. The colony, as it appears to me, went into the war for high and permanent reasons and with great nobility of purpose. The varying fortunes of the colonies during the years of this struggle need not be given here.

The people came through with added strength and hardihood.

The colony of Georgia became the state of Georgia, an independent state inhabited by independent people. Looking back through the years, we conclude that the first fifty odd years, were good school years and their lessons are still with us.

Of the years of growth and progress until 1861, I shall not speak at length. The state took on a character which justified it in its choice of a new motto. Wisdom, Justice, Moderation. They were years in which freedom of action and liberty of choice were developed in people.

In 1861-5 a great change came. A bloody war was fought and Georgia was on the side which lost. A complete overthrow of the conditions of life followed. Years of nagging reconstruction, decades of abuse were endured. The new order required patient endurance and vigorous, serious endeavor. This period falls within the memory of some members of this audience. It was a period which tried the temper of our people. The work which was set for this day was simply stupendous. I do not remember it as a particularly unhappy time. There was so much of determination on the part of our people to win out and do the Day's Work that this very spirit lifted us above difficulties which were calculated to overwhelm us. To every man who gave up and went under in the struggle there were two who saw opportunity and seized it.

The greatest loss was in the young men who were killed in the war. Last year Mr. Colvin gave some statistics which proved the magnitude of the financial loss; but Mr. Colvin did not venture to estimate the value of the men who had been lost in the struggle, nor will I venture to do this.

The Day's Work in 1865 was new to our people and we had

no guide from history in working it out. We could find no case of a war which had liberated the slaves of the defeated section of a country followed by an effort of the successful section to place the slaves in control. The problem of living and supporting a family amid general destruction of values was sufficiently serious. Add to this the obligation of directing the making of citizens from freedmen and you have a Day's Work of the most exacting nature. Load on this interference, armed interference, legalized interference, corrupt interference and we face a Day's Work which would have prostrated a less virile people. And gentlemen the Day's Work was done. It took a long time. It was a long hard day. God grant Georgia may never see such another.

There comes a satisfaction to a man when he carries through a hard day's work. He feels that he has earned his rest, and he has.

We in Georgia feel that the long struggle through which we passed was worthily carried out to a successful close; and we feel a pride in the task which we believe is justified. Our state has grown in riches, opportunity opens the door to its offerings wider than it has ever done and, more than this, we have protected our civilization.

As far as our state is concerned we have only one duty left, as I see it, and that duty is to stop the violence of unlawful assemblies of men who take the law in their own hands. That people who pose in selfrighteous judgment, beam-eyed to their own faults, have spoken against us, this is an irritation we must bear as best we can. Judging by my own feeling, this criticism will never move us except to exasperation. The statistics remain, however, and we must set our faces against lawless violence. We must cleanse from the great seal of Georgia every spot which obscures our noble motto: Wisdom, Justice, Moderation. Lawless violence must not obscure our proud motto; it does not go hand in hand with Wisdom, Justice, Moderation.

What shall I say of this last day which has dawned upon us? What will tomorrow find in Georgia?

In her short history three real crises have come and each has been met and has left Georgia finer and better. We have had other wars and other difficulties, along at intervals, and they have left their records on the dear old State, but they have not

been real crises, they did not bring changes, fundamental changes, in the life and government of our people. Thoughtful people look to the east at this time and anxiously ponder over the Day which has come upon us. When today's sun goes behind the western horizon on what kind of a Georgia will its light fall? This is a most serious question, so grave, indeed, that we are stunned by it. When will the present war be over and where will it leave us?

In his notable address at the recent commencement of the University of Georgia, Dr. Kirchway said that the people of the United States had come to believe that they lived on a separate planet and were soaring through space as interested spectators of the struggles of Europe but not personally concerned in them. I believe that he was right. A gentleman who heard me speak early in April made the comment to a friend that "The old man seemed bothered about the war." The old man was bothered about the war, and the old man today is more concerned about the outcome than he is about his own life. I would count it a light duty to give my life to have the people of Georgia come through this day with their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as full and free as it is at the day's dawning. I confess I felt somewhat of that separate planet security. I wonder at this when I consider the events of the past. Savannah has been held by a foreign foe, the capitol in Washington was burned, and, yet, we thought we we were geographically safe. Geographically safe! There is only one safety for any people on the face of the earth and that safety is found when other people know that you consider the freedom of death better than slavery in life.

A native of France was greatly distressed in the early days of this war when the Germans were marching toward Paris. "The Germans are very strong," he said to a friend. "Yes," his friend replied, "they are, but our people have made up their minds to die before they will go through another 1871." And as for me, I would rather die than see Georgia go through the torture and desolation imposed on Belgium and Northern France. I go further, if it comes to the point where Georgia is to be over run by these men who neither respect women nor regard children it is not my purpose to live to see it.

Let us see some of the results which this war has already made evident:

First. It seems plain that we are not safe on account of our geographical position. We are open to attack on our coast. I did not realize this at first, but when the Deutschland rose in Chesapeake Bay we were invaded. Peaceably then, but the way was mapped out. As this under sea boat was able to escape the watchfulness of the navies of the sea powers, so other undersea boats can come. Whether, at this time, the undersea boat can make way for the transport, I seriously doubt, I say no. But a combined European navy, united by agreement, or by force, can make way for transports. This in some measure has become real to our people. Few, very few now feel that money spent on war ships is a mistake. I am glad I did not take part in the talk against building a navy, which was so common a few years ago. I wish we had a navy three times as large as we have. This much I do believe, we have as good as the earth affords, as far as it goes, in men and ships, and I believe we have the best that the earth affords. Furthermore, we are going to make our navy larger.

Yes, we have found out that we are not geographically safe. It is well for the people who realize this to dwell upon it and explain it to those who yet believe we are geographically safe.

Aesop has a fable of a deer with only one eye, which was accustomed to graze by the sea with her blind eye to the water front. A cunning hunter slipped up in a boat and shot the deer which fancied it was geographically safe. We have grazed peacefully with a blind eye to sea, but we have found out our danger before destruction reached us.

Second. We have been amazed to find that men can be as cruel as we find them. We have discovered that madness, sheer madness may rule the earth. Hearts seem harder than they have ever been. Sometimes savages, proclaimed and acknowledged savages, have been kind to captives. Alas that the twentieth century should see cruelty worse than that of savages. The savage was cruel from mere wantonness, but the twentieth century has produced systematic, purposeful cruelty. What madness is this, the madness of skill and training.

Take the destruction of property. In this the lust of cruelty does not enter to add zest. Consider the madness which induces the destruction of houses on conquered land. Even if the raiders did not expect to hold the land it would seem that the advantage

of having houses on adjacent land would be plain. Yet madness has destroyed every thing. Frederick Walcott, writing on "Devastated Poland" in the Geographic Magazine for May, says: "We began to investigate the conditions of those who were still alive, those refugees who were homeless. We saw no buildings in that whole 230 miles. Everything had been destroyed; nothing but the bare chimney, black and charred, was standing; no live stock, no farm implements, in all that vast area." This is crazy madness pure and simple.

Then the raids on London, the killing of school children, of women, anybody, anybody. Madness, sheer madness. Father in Heaven restrain the remainder of wrath!

Third. With a powerful nation, mad, crazy mad, loose on the earth the only safety lies in a proof of strength, an exercise of force. Justice appeals not to madness, crazy madness; pity appeals not to madness, cruel madness; innocence but adds zest to destruction to madness, wicked madness. It delights to defile while it destroys, does madness, foul madness. The only way in which such madness can be checked, halted, overcome is by force. The only thing which will prevail with this madness is greater force than the madness possesses. We must make proof by force with this mad nation.

Indemnity, which has come to mean robbery, can only be prevented by force, armed force. And madness must be controlled by force.

It must be acknowledged by any person disposed to be fair in judgment that the United States endeavored by all means in its power to avoid that final test of strength, an appeal to arms. The President was belittled and Congress was denounced. With remarkable restraint, this flood of censure was withstood, or rather, disregarded. Every means was exhausted to avoid going to war in order to protect ourselves from the rage which is devastating so much of the most prosperous and highly civilized portion of the world. It was in vain. The war is on us and we face the most stupendous Day's Work that has ever been before the United States.

Armed might is the only way now open to us. There are but two courses—yield to autocracy or establish our liberty. Does any one doubt that Austria-Hungary is now and after this war will remain a Prussian province? What is Bavaria? What the

other German states which went into alliance with Prussia in 1870? Where is Alsace? Where Lorraine? Does any one doubt that these United States will pay tribute to Germany if Germany wins this war? You do not have to go to books to find your destination, living men can tell us what the Prussians have done and are doing. We know from the recent past and from the present just what Prussia will do. Deutschland means *Germany,* über means *over,* alles means *all.*

I am not one of those who seek to gain favor or to please people by a subtle appeal to cowardice. There is no ore in that mine in Georgia; and, if there were, I would not be willing to mine it. Neither am I a fire-eater. I have not urged this war. I have been squarely behind the Government in trying to hold off the war as long as self respect and safety would permit, avoid it if this could be in self respect and with freedom. That time has passed. We are engaged in the task of proving our right to be free. All men who value freedom will have but one answer to this call—here am I, send me.

I will not go into speculation of other results of the war further than this, if Germany wins, we will do as our master the Kaiser says do; if the Allies win, we will do as the people of Georgia say do. That's all there is to it, and the choice of Georgia is made when the alternative is presented. We will have freedom, freedom in life or freedom in death. Our forefathers crossed the wide Atlantic and came to an unexplored country in order that they might be free; and rather than give up our freedom, we will cross the stream of death and go to that land where freedom abides forever.

What is my part in this Day's Work? This is the question which Georgians are asking. One half of one per cent have been called, possibly that three per cent may ultimately be called to arms. I know, no one knows better, that this small per cent comes from the very flower and hope of our land. May the Good Father cover them in the hollow of His hand.

The rest of us, the great multitude of our people, what are we to do? There are some things which are evidently the duty of each of us and I will give them.

Loyalty, is my first answer, be loyal.

The people of Georgia are a hard headed people. They like to have their own way. This is usual with free people. Like

all people of independent life they must be convinced. Sometimes I feel that this leads us into controversy. I know it causes us to be misjudged. But the man who believes that the people of Georgia are not heart-loyal, yes, life-loyal, does not know them. They know the ring of the genuine coin because they hear it in themselves.

There come times in the life of each of us when we see some task. Some trying task, in the path of duty before us. Then we fail, or we triumph. If we are loyal to duty we triumph, if we shirk and dodge, we fail. There come similar times of trial with nations, times which test loyalty. In common with the people of other states, the people of Georgia face such an issue now and—they will triumph—yes, they will triumph.

I have witnesses and I will call them. Francis S. Bartow, will Georgians prove loyal? And Bartow's spirit answers, "I have written loyalty on the field of Manassas with my life.

Thomas R. R. Cobb, will Georgians shirk or prove loyal? From far off Fredericksburg comes the answer, "Loyal always, even unto death."

Come ye thousands who rest in your graves, heroes' graves, in Virginia, in the hills and valleys of your own loved state, from every battle field in this broad land, come one and come all, privates, corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, generals, come and true answers make. Will Georgians prove loyal? Listen all who have a Georgia spirit, listen, and you will hear them answer, one and all they answer, "Greater loyalty can no man have than that a man lay down his life for his country."

Answer ye gray and scattered remnant who wear the bronze cross and make us proud that we are your country men.

Answer, ye noblest of noble women, who gave your sons, your fathers, your brothers, your husbands. Will Georgians prove loyal? And hear them answer. "Dulled be the brain which thinks disloyal thought, disowned the tongue which speaks disloyal word."

Yes, yes, Georgians are loyal. When the roll is called they will be present, when the sun is hottest they will be at the post of duty doing the Day's Work.

Indeed they are present in camp, in the corn field answering the calls which have been made on them.

We have a foe united in one man, the Kaiser, and we free Georgians must unite as one man for liberty. On registration day, a young man, driving a street car, said to me, "The boys seem to be going up to register."

"Yes, I said, they are responding all right."

"Well," he added, "that's right, if we don't stand up for our country, who will."

The young man was right. We have no king to define our duty and fix our conduct. If we fail, the country fails.

Courage. We need all of our courage for this great adventure. All of us need courage, fathers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives. The first call is for courage. Young woman, young man, old woman, old man, the first aid to freedom is courage. I cannot in my heart blame the parents that they suffer, nor the wife or sweetheart that she is distressed. If it were otherwise I would be ashamed for Georgia. This is the very reason why we need courage. There is a subtle appeal going on now and at bottom it is not founded on courage—it is an appeal to fear.

A prominent man said recently. "The man who invests his political fortune in the cowardice of Elbert county men will never get a dividend on his investment."

I feel, and I am proud to feel, that the men who base their hopes on fear in Georgia hearts will never find fruit on their hopes. They will bear leaves, nothing but leaves.

Unity. It seems that a democracy must force itself in the matter of unity. This, not fear, is the real trouble. The individuality of our people, for which we are forever thankful, is not conducive to prompt obedience even in time of war. The man who can put his individual freedom, along with his personal effort, in hearty co-operation with all who love liberty, is a hero, indeed, a worthy Georgian.

Our enemy is united as one man and we must go solidly against them for we must win.

What must I do? What can I do?

When I realized that I was too old to serve as a soldier, I was at first almost ashamed to speak. When I felt the keen pain at the prospect of the dear boys going into danger I was afraid, yes I was afraid. I have felt a fear for them which I do not feel for myself. I am about at the end of my row, my

record is made up, the shadows around me are from the west and they are long. It does not matter what comes to me. Then I knew that the real shame to me was that I was afraid for those who were not afraid for themselves. This was a great help to me—an added strength—the boys are not shirking and I will not shirk.

Then I thought of the hundred millions who cannot cross the wide ocean. Of their needs, need for education, need for sustenance, need for courage. And I said if I cannot go I can help with the work left behind by those who do go, and above all I can help care for the people they leave behind.

I have tried to do this, and I have tried in a way to follow the boys to France. I have worked somewhat for the cause. I have given somewhat to the cause. I have followed the boys to France in my work and my giving, above all else and first in my heart is the desire that my effort shall be for them. For them I am willing to work harder, and do on less than I have ever done.

Then we must fill their places here, we must work for those at home. All of us can do something. Provide food for the army by care, send comforts to the army by economy.

The woman who cans her winter's food from her garden or patch, in order that the out-put of the canning factory may be used for those who have not this privilege, and especially for the boys in France, is doing a high patriotic service. Every man who produces by extra effort an additional food supply in order that the hungry world may be fed, and especially in order that the boys in France may be kept strong and vigorous, is doing a high patriotic duty. There is work for all; let each one of us stay by the work. My special work is in trying to keep education going. It seems already that this is to be a hard problem to solve.

There is great danger that education may be neglected in this time of excitement and distress. It is hard for me to give my head to youth at home when my heart is longing for the boys in the camp. I know I must do this or fail in my duty. I know that education is worth more today than it has ever been worth. I stay by my work as best I can, and I feel that you will do the same. We must realize that we have a hard task before us. This Day's Work is the supreme test; stand by one and all.

Of the changes which may come out of this war, the ups and downs, I will not venture to speculate.

If the Kaiser wins, his word will determine the future, if Democracy wins, we in Georgia will determine our own future.

Let us work, let us fight, let us pray that Americans, that Georgians may remain free.

I expect this is the last time I will address this old, this honored society. If this be my last word, let that word be, Freedom is worth its cost.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 105634841

THE LIBRARY OF THE
DEC 1 5 1942
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS